

# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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**THE NEWPORT MERCURY** was established in June, 1785, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has been printed for nearly half a century, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected interests, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the printed paper given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

MALONE LODGE, No. 16, N. E. O. P., John P. Barnard, Warden; James H. Gindlau, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

HICKORY LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., David Blues, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, O. R. C. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox, Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Commt; Charles H. Preker Clerk; Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings in each month.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets second and fourth Thursday in each month.

### Local Matters.

#### Going to Mexico.

Col. A. A. Barker of this city will start next August for Mexico where he has been appointed manager of the large plantation owned and operated by the La Estrella Coffee Company, the stock of which is principally held by residents of Concord, N. H., and Providence. Col. Barker has but recently returned from Mexico where he has been looking over the ground and getting ready for the full work. Just at present he is engaged in buying machinery for the coffee and sugar plant.

Col. Barker is a director of the company and manager of the plantation. His duties will require him to be in Mexico six or seven months in the year and the rest of the time he will spend in looking after the company's interests in this part of the country. The plantation comprises about 5000 acres, on which are about 250,000 coffee trees besides rubber trees and sugar cane. The coffee trees are young and are just beginning to come in, giving a small yield last year, a larger one this year, and expected to yield several times as much next year. The product of this plantation is shipped direct to the New York market bearing the special brand of the company. The plantation is located near the town of Toxopee in the state of Oaxaca.

Col. Barker will have the active management of all the affairs of the company and his assistant will be an Englishman, but all the laborers, of whom there are several hundred, are Mexicans. He thinks that this part of Mexico has great possibilities both in agriculture and minerals and its development is wholly due to American enterprise.

#### Royal Arcanum.

The three days' silver anniversary of the Royal Arcanum came to an end last Monday night with a grand rally at the Infantry Hall, Providence. Some twenty-five members of Coronet Council of this city were present. They made the trip to and from Providence in one of Champion's launches, arriving home about 2 a. m. The exercises were of a high order of merit. Among the prominent members of the Order on the platform were Past Grand Regents Robert S. Franklin and Andrew K. McMahon.

Sunday evening the members of Coronet Council turned out in large numbers to attend church at the Central Baptist, Rev. Mr. Beckley, pastor.

The statistics of the Order show that there are now 1990 Councils in forty-three States and provinces. During the 25 years there has been paid to the beneficiaries of 24,625 deceased members the sum of \$71,114,585.14. There are now 235,000 members of which Rhode Island has 1,035.

Mrs. F. W. Marshall and Mrs. Alex. J. Fludder have been in Providence the past week attending the graduating exercises at the Friends' school.

#### For Independence Day.

The indications are the Fourth of July will be fittingly celebrated in this city this year. The city council committee has been busily engaged in making up the programme for the day. Many of the public events, including the street parade, will take place in the morning, as there is a picnic arranged by the Central Labor Union for the afternoon.

The celebration of the day will open by a salute by the gun squad of the Newport Artillery at 6 o'clock and the church bells will be rung from 8 to 9:30. The cutter race in the harbor will take place at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock there will be a large street parade composed of the troops from Fort Adams, the apprentices from the Training Station, the Newport Artillery and possibly other local organizations. If the ships of the North Atlantic squadron are in the harbor at that time the men will participate in the parade. Colonel John H. Wetherell will be the marshal of the parade.

There will be two games of base ball between local teams, one game at 11 o'clock and the other at 1 o'clock. In the afternoon there will be a cut boat race in the bay under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Club, starting at 2 o'clock. Beginning at noon and again at six o'clock the church bells will be rung for 30 minutes. In the evening there will be fireworks and band concerts at Morton Park and Fort Greene.

On the Fourth of July, too, will be held the annual meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati in the old State House at 11:30 a. m. The commemorative celebration of Independence Day, which the society has held annually since its institution in 1781, will take place in the representatives hall at 3 p. m. with the usual interesting ceremonies, to which the public is invited. The Declaration of Independence will be read by Gen. Hazard Stevens of Boston, a member of the society, and the orator of the day will be Prof. William Brewton Greene, Jr., of Princeton, N. J., whose subject will be "The Significance of the Battle of Guilford Court House," the turning point in the southern campaign of the War of the Revolution, a theme of special interest to Rhode Islanders, as the American commander in the battle was the great Rhode Island General Nathanael Greene, who was afterward the first President of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island.

The annual banquet will take place at the Newport Casino in the evening, the Governor of Rhode Island, the Mayor of Newport, Senator Wetmore and other distinguished guests being present, and the 13 toasts customary at the annual dinners of the Cincinnati since the Revolution being proposed. There will be several new members elected at the annual meeting. Gen. Comte de Chalcedin of the French Army, who was one of the Rochambeau delegation from France which recently visited Newport, is an applicant for membership, as are also the Comte de Bougainville and the Marquis du Quesne, who are the eldest lineal male descendants of high officers of the French auxiliary army of the Revolution, who became original members of the Cincinnati.

Early Sunday morning, before many people had risen for the day, the Newport Naval Reserve Company marched up Thames street to the railroad station on their way to Pawtucket where they had been ordered to assist in maintaining order. The orders calling the Newport Company were issued late Saturday and Lieutenant Charles E. Lawton, the company commander, quickly notified his men that they must be on hand Sunday morning. Every available man responded and the command reached the city of Pawtucket Sunday forenoon, relieving some of the troops that have been guarding the city.

Mr. Charles M. Cole has recently made quite extensive alterations to his store on Thames street, which have resulted in a much improved appearance of the premises. A new plate glass front has been installed, giving opportunity for an attractive window display. The interior has also been thoroughly renovated and Mr. Cole has now the most attractive drug store on Thames street.

Former Chief of Police Pardon S. Kaull, who has been spending a few days in this city, started Thursday evening for San Antonio, Texas, where he is negotiating a contract for street pavement. From Texas Mr. Kaull will make a long jump to Helena, Montana, and hopes to return to Newport in August to spend a portion of the summer with his family.

Mr. Charles Achera was knocked down by a bicyclist on Broadway Tuesday evening and was considerably shaken up and bruised.

Mr. Amory Austin has gone to East Hebron, Mass.

#### Wound was Fatal.

Anthony S. Sherman, Cashier of the Merchants Bank, died on Thursday.

After suffering for nearly a week Anthony S. Sherman died at his residence on Kay street at an early hour Thursday morning as the result of a self-inflicted wound in the head. Ever since the fatal shot was fired about 5 o'clock on June 19 he had been in a precarious condition, and although there was some expectation that he might recover he gradually sank until he passed away. On account of the unusual circumstances surrounding the affair much interest was manifested in his condition and the daily reports from his bedside were awaited with feverish interest.

Mr. Sherman had been a prominent citizen of Newport. Born here fifty-two years ago, the son of Catherine and the late William B. Sherman, he had passed almost his whole life in Newport. At an early age he began his banking career as a clerk in the Newport National Bank, leaving there to accept a position in the Metropolitan National Bank of New York. Upon the retirement of the late Charles D. Hammatt as cashier of the Merchants Bank in this city Mr. Sherman was called to fill his position and for the last 30 years has remained this post until the bank's doors were finally closed on Thursday of last week.

Besides his duties as cashier of the Merchants Bank Mr. Sherman transacted a large insurance business and also acted as agent for investments. He was frequently urged to run for public office and was often spoken of as a prospective candidate for mayor but never accepted other office than that of a member of the school board, which position he filled satisfactorily for several years. He was for many years treasurer of the Newport & Wickford Railroad and Steamboat Company but was succeeded a few months ago by Mr. George Gordon King.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Phoebe J. Sherman, daughter of the late Thomas T. Carr, but no children. One brother, Mr. William B. Sherman, Jr., and one sister, Mrs. William S. Sherman, and his mother also survive him.

Steamer Islander arrived from Providence last Monday evening, bringing about fifty members of Mount Pleasant Lodge, I. O. O. F., on a fraternal visit to Rhode Island Lodge of this city. The visit had a special significance, as the guests brought the "bundle of sticks" which was presented to the local lodge and will later be turned over by them to some other lodge in this jurisdiction. During the evening speeches were made by guests and hosts and a collation was served. Music was furnished by a quartet consisting of Messrs. Walker, Rankin, Peckham and Tilley.

Nathan W. Littlefield, Jr., son of Hon. Nathan W. Littlefield, of Pawtucket, formerly principal of the Newport High School, and late Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, was married this week to Miss Alice H. Simmone, of Central Falls. Young Littlefield is a graduate of Brown University and a civil engineer by profession. The home of the young couple will be in Newark, N. J., where the groom is employed as a civil engineer for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company.

A number of the summer residents of Newport have requested Chief of Police Richards to enforce the state and city laws in regard to the speed of automobiles, calling his attention to the discomforts, annoyances, and danger to life which this community suffered last summer from the reckless and illegal manner in which automobiles were driven over the public highway. Chief Richards has announced his intention of doing his full duty in preventing illegal speed of automobiles.

Mrs. W. C. Simmons of Middletown has presented to the Natural History Society a valuable collection of seaweeds from this locality, all carefully arranged and bound in one book. The names, etc., of the different species were attached by Mr. Frank T. Collins of Malden, Mass. It has taken years to make the collection and the society deeply appreciates the value of the gift. A vote of thanks has been extended to Mrs. Collins.

An alarm from Box 21 called a portion of the fire department to West Broadway and Callendar avenue about two o'clock Tuesday morning, but it was found that there was no fire, an upset candle having been the cause of the alarm.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford A. Titus announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lydia M. Titus, to Mr. Alfred M. West, son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. West.

Contractor McCormick has begun work on the new public bath house at the Esplanade, which is the gift of Mr. T. M. Davis to the city.

#### How to be Cool.

The kitchen is a disagreeable place in hot weather and is a good spot to avoid as much as possible while the summer season lasts. The cooking of meats and other hot dishes is unpleasant and the effects of eating them also tends to increase the temperature of the body. Fat meats and rich foods are not the best for warm weather and yet the body requires nourishment as much as in winter. The combinations of paleo-teekling delicacies that can be evolved with the air of Shredded Wheat Biscuit are almost endless, and yet this food is highly nourishing, containing all the elements necessary to replenish the human system. As a breakfast food, or in combination with strawberries, bananas or other fruit for luncheon or supper, shredded wheat is delicious. The Natural Food Company of Niagara Falls, whose new and extensive plant for the preparation of these biscuits was described in the Mercury a few months ago, will send for the asking an illustrated cook book containing directions for preparing hundreds of tempting dishes with the aid of Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit.

#### Chinese Mission.

It has been thought best by the teachers and superintendent of the Chinese Sunday school in connection with the work at the Newport City Mission to close the school for a few weeks during the hot weather to give a rest to those who have labored so earnestly and well Sunday after Sunday during all the winter months. This school started last August and very much has been accomplished and we trust that after a few weeks' rest it will open again with renewed strength and vigor. The other services at the Mission will go on as usual, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week at 8 o'clock. Those who feel called to assist in these meetings will be gladly welcomed.

The new lock boxes for the post office have been installed and present quite a showy appearance. The new boxes are somewhat larger than the old. When the entire work of renovating the post office is completed, its appearance will be so greatly changed that old patrons would hardly recognize it. In the meantime the temporary arrangements are not so inconvenient—for the public—as one might expect, although all will be glad when the old lobby is again ready for use. One item that might profitably be added to the improvements under way is the erection of a rail in front of the general delivery and carriers' windows to prevent the indiscriminate crowding that sometimes occurs.

The summer schedule of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Co. goes into effect on Sunday next. Three boats will leave Newport, daily for Providence, Sunday excepted at 7, 11:30 and 5 p. m., returning leave Providence for Newport 9:00 a. m. and 2:00 and 5:00 p. m. Commencing Sundays, June 29, boats will leave Newport 9:00, 11:30 and 5 p. m., returning leave Providence 10:00 a. m., 2:00 and 8:00 p. m. The first a. m. boat from Newport and last p. m. boat from Providence stop at Comptouch and Prudence Parks, daily, Sundays included; also 9 a. m. from Providence and 5 p. m. from Newport, Tuesdays and Fridays for passengers only.

Last week news was received of the death at Richmond, Va., of Rev. Kenneth Johns Stewart, formerly of this city, at an advanced age of about ninety years. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of this city. He left Newport before the war, going South. He was rector of Emmanuel church from 1851 to 1855.

The tax bill for 1902 is now in the hands of the Tax Collector and all taxes must be paid on or before August 31, 1902. All taxes not paid at that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum. The tax collector will be at his office from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

The graduating exercises of the Friends' School, Providence, took place on Tuesday morning, commencing at ten o'clock, and were very largely attended. The valedictory was delivered by Miss Barry. After the exercises luncheon was served in the gymnasium hall.

The annual list of cottage owners and rentals in Newport and Jamestown, issued annually by Simon Hart, has made its appearance for the season of 1902, and as usual is an attractive and convenient booklet.

Yesterday, Friday morning, Mr. Wm. R. Hunter and party, including Mrs. Hunter, left for Providence with a four-in-hand for a drive through Rhode Island to Ponset, Conn., and elsewhere, to be gone a week.

Mrs. I. P. White has sailed for London and will spend the summer abroad.

Mr. George Horrocks is able to walk out daily and is steadily improving.

#### The Merchants Bank.

The Condition of the Wrecked Institution is Worse than was at First Expected.

Every day there are new developments which make the total wreck of the Merchants Bank appear worse than was at first expected. It was known that the bank's business was badly entangled but it was hardly thought that the effects of its failure and the ensuing complications would be as far-reaching as they have proved to be. The personal business affairs of Anthony Sherman are also no less seriously involved and the indications are that the smash will be complete with practically nothing left to be divided among the creditors.

As a result of the application to Governor Klineball for a commission to investigate the condition of the bank, he last week appointed State Auditor Charles C. Gray and Charles E. Blake as a commission and these gentlemen have been busily engaged in the task of trying to ascertain the exact condition of the bank. Pass books of depositors have been called in for examination and every effort is being made to secure a correct statement as soon as possible. Although the commissioners have no information that they can give out at present it is certain that there was practically no cash found in the bank and the assets will be almost nothing except the bank building on Thames street. The liabilities are estimated at anywhere from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

Residents of Newport county outside the city were more generally involved in the rain than were the Newports, although a number of the smaller business establishments and some individuals and estates were depositors there. Many Block Islanders carried their deposits there and of course lost practically all they had in the bank, the deposits varying in size from a few dollars to thousands of dollars and several accounts being in the neighborhood of \$500. And the smash occurred in August the loss to Block Island would have been heavy, but at this time of year the bank balances from that town are comparatively small. At one time the Merchants Bank had practically the whole of Block Island's bank deposit but in late years a number of the business men there have taken warning and transferred their accounts to other banks.

The personal affairs of Mr. Sherman are in probably no less complicated a state. The insurance companies for which he was agent have had inspectors here looking over the business and find that the premiums on many policies, amounting to about \$6,000, much of which has apparently been paid to Mr. Sherman, have never been turned over to the companies. They will probably lose a considerable amount.

A considerable sum of money was also entrusted to Mr. Sherman for investment, for which securities were not turned over to the purchaser, although it was reported to them that the purchase had been made. The investors are now endeavoring to learn if their names appear on the books of the various companies, apparently with no much reward for their efforts.

Attachments have been placed on the bank's property by Mrs. H. M. Brooks and by Mr. William B. Sherman, Jr., and an attachment for \$6000 has been placed on the property of Mr. William B. Sherman, Jr., as endorser of a note, by Mr. Anthony Stewart.

It will probably be a considerable time before any definite and accurate statement of the total assets and liabilities of the bank or of Mr. Sherman personally can be made, but in the meantime those who have had dealings with the institution are trying to bring themselves to a philosophical realization that they have lost all that they had invested.

An old folks' concert in the chapel of the United Congregational church last Tuesday evening netted a considerable sum to the guild house, as well as furnishing much amusement to those present. At the conclusion of the entertainment ice cream was served and home made candy was on sale.

The annual Rose and Strawberry Show by the Newport Horticultural Society at Odd Fellows' Hall this week was up to the usual high standard set by the society. Many of the summer residents had the products of their gardens on exhibition and the hall presented a very attractive appearance.

Mr. Edward T. Molden, who recently tendered his resignation as organist of the First Presbyterian Church, leaves for New York July 1st to enter the house of Ernest M. Skinner, organ builder, where he has accepted a position.

His Excellency, the Governor of Massachusetts, Hon. W. Murray Crane, has appointed Clarence H. Wrightington, of this city, a Commissioner of Deeds for Massachusetts in Rhode Island.

Mr. Arthur E. Burland has returned from Rochester, N. Y., where he has been to visit his brother, who is very seriously ill there.

Mrs. Arthur E. Burland, accompanied by her children

# Black Rock

By RALPH CONNOR

## CHAPTER IX.

**A**T the doorway, however, we stood outside of Craig's shack in the dim星光下 we could not hide from ourselves that we were beaten. It was not so much grief as a blind fury that filled my heart, and looking at the faces of the men about me I read the same feeling there. But what could we do? The yell of cursing numbers down at Slavin's told us that nothing could be done with them that night. To be so utterly beaten and unfairly and with no chance of revenge was maddening.

"I'd like to get back at 'em," said Abe, carefully repressing himself.

"I've got it, men," said Graeme suddenly. "This town does not require all the whisky there is in it." And he unfolded his plan. It was to gain possession of Slavin's saloon and the bar of the Black Rock hotel and clear out all the liquor to be found in both those places. I did not much like the idea, but Geordie said: "I'm ga'en after the lad. I'll have 'em easy." So that's it! It's a stiff waste."

But Abe was wild to try it, and Shaw was quite willing, while old Nelson still approved.

"Nelson, you and Shaw get a couple of our men and attend to the saloon Slavin and the whole gang are up at the Black Rock, so you won't have much trouble, but come to us as soon as you can."

And so we went our ways. Then followed a scene the like of which I can never hope to see again, and it was worth a man's seeing, but there were times that night when I wished I had not agreed to follow Graeme in his plot.

As we went up to the hotel I asked Graeme:

"What about the law of this?"

"Law!" he replied indignantly. "They haven't troubled much about law in the whisky business here. They get a keg of high wines and some drugs and begin operations. No, we went on; if we can get the crowd out and ourselves in we'll make them break the law in getting us out. The law won't trouble us over smuggled whisky. It will be a great task, and they won't crow too loud over the league."

I did not like the undertaking at first, but as I thought of the whole wretched illegal business flourishing upon the weakness of the men in the saloons and camps, whom I had learned to regard as brothers, and especially as I thought of the cowards that did for Nelson, I let my scruples go and determined with Abe to "get back at 'em."

We had no difficulty getting them out. Abe began to yell. Some men rushed out to form the cause. He seized the forenoon man, making a hideous roar at the white and in three minutes had every man out of the hotel and a free-for-all going on.

In two minutes more Graeme and I had the door of the saloon broken and barrels loaded with empty casks. We then closed the door of the barrels leading to the outside. The barrels were a strong-built big shanty, with a heavy door secured, after the manner of the early saloons, with two strong oak bars, so that we felt safe from attack from that quarter.

The saloon we could not hold long, for the door was tight and someone was passed through the window. But as only a few casks of liquor were left there our main work would be in the bar, so that the fight would be to hold the passageway. This we barricaded with casks and tables. But by this time the crowd had begun to realize what had happened and were yelling at door and windows. With as much Graeme had brought with him the casks were soon gone in and left to empty themselves.

As I was about to empty the last cask Graeme stopped me, saying: "Let that stand here. It will help us." And so it did. "Now stand by the barricade," yelled Graeme as a man came crashing through the window. But before he could regain his feet Graeme had seized him and flung him out upon the heads of the crowd outside. But through the other windows men were coming in, and Graeme rushed for the barricade, followed by two of the enemy, the foremost of whom I received at the top and buried back upon the others.

"Now be quick!" said Graeme. "I'll tell this. Don't break any bottles on the door. Throw them out there." Pointing to a little window high up in the wall.

I made all haste. The casks did not take much time, and soon the whisky and beer were flowing over the floor. It made me think of Geordie's regret over the "stiff waste." The bottles took longer, and glancing up now and then, I saw that Graeme was being hard pressed. Men would leap, two and three at a time, upon the barricade, and Graeme's arms would shoot out, and over they would topple upon the heads of those nearest. It was a great sight to see him standing alone, with a smile on his face and the light of battle in his eye, coolly meeting his assailants with those terrible, lightning-like blows. In fifteen minutes my work was done.

"What next?" I asked. "How do we get out?"

"How is the doorway?" he replied. I looked through the porthole and said:

"A crowd of men waiting."

"We'll have to make a dash for it. I fancy," he replied cheerfully, though his face was covered with blood and his breath was coming in short gasps.

"Get down the lars and be ready."

But even as he spoke a chair burst from below, caught him on the arm, and before he could recover a man had

cleared the barricade and was upon him like a tiger. It was Slavin Jack.

"Hold the barricade!" Graeme called out as they both went down.

I sprang to his place, but I had not much hope of holding him. I had the heavy oak bar of the door in my hand, and, swinging it round my head, I made the crowd give back for a few moments.

Meantime Graeme had shaken off his enemy, who was circling about him upon his tiptoes, with a long knife in his hand, waiting for a chance to spring.

"I have been waiting for this for some time, Mr. Graeme," he said, sniffling.

"Yes," replied Graeme, "ever since I applied your entreaty game in Fylde. How is the little one?" he added suddenly.

Idaho's face lost its smile and became distorted with fury as he replied, splitting out his words:

"She is—where you will be before I am done with you."

"Ah, you numbered her foot! You'll have some beautiful day, Idaho," said Graeme as Idaho sprang upon him.

Graeme dodged his blow and caught his forearm with his left hand and held up high the unmerciful knife. Back and forward they swayed over the door, slippery with whisky, the knife held high in the air. I wondered why Graeme did not strike, and then I saw his right hand hang limp from the wrist. The men were crowding upon the barricade. I was in despair. Graeme's strength was failing fast. With a yell of exertion tiny Idaho threw himself with all the weight upon Graeme, who could only cling to him. They swayed together toward me, but as they fell I brought down my bar upon the unraised hand and sent the knife flying across the room. Idaho's hand of rage and pain was unhealed with a shanty from below, and there, driving the crowd to right and left, came old Nelson, followed by Abe, Sandy, Baptiste, Shaw and others. As they reached the barricade it crashed down and, carrying me with it, pinned me fast.

Looking out between the barrels, I saw what froze my heart with horror. In the full Graeme had wound his arms about his enemy and held him in a grip so deadly that he could not strike, but Graeme's strength was failing, and when I looked I saw that Idaho was slowly dragging both across the slippery floor to where the knife lay. Nearer and nearer his outstretched fingers came to the knife. In vain I yelled and struggled. My voice was lost in the awful din and the barricade held me fast. Above me standing on a barrel head was Baptiste, yelling like a demon. In vain I called to him. His fingers could just reach his feet, and he needed not at all my touch. Snively Idaho was dragging his almost unconscious victim toward the knife. His fingers were touching the blade point when, under a sudden inspiration, I pulled out my penknife, opened it with my teeth and drove the blade into Idaho's foot. With a blood-curdling yell he sprang down and began dashing round in his rage, roaring among the barrels.

"Look! Look!" I was calling in agony and panting. "For heaven's sake, look, Baptiste!"

The fingers had closed upon the knife, the knife was already high in the air, when with a shriek, Baptiste cleared the roof at a bound, and before the knife could fall the little Frenchman's hand had caught the uplifted wrist and sent the knife flying to the wall.

Then there was a great rushing sound as of wind through the forest, and the lights went out. When I awoke, I found myself lying with my arms about Graeme's knees and Baptiste sprinkling snow on my face. As I looked up Graeme leaned over, and, smiling down into my eyes, he said:

"Good boy! It was a great fight, and we put it up well." And then he whispered, "I owe you my life, my boy."

His words thrilled my heart through and through for I loved him as only men can love men, but I only answered:

"I could not keep them back." "It was well done," he said, and I felt proud.

I confess I was thankful to be so well out of it, for Graeme got off with a bone in his wrist broken and I with a couple of ribs cracked, but had it not been for the open barrel of whisky which kept them occupied for a time, offering too good a chance to be lost, and for the timely arrival of Nelson neither of us had ever seen the fight again.

We found Craig sound asleep upon his couch. His consternation on waking to see us torn, bruised and bloody was tangible, but he hastened to find us water, water and bandages, and we soon felt comfortable.

Baptiste was radiant with pride and delight over the fight and boasted about Graeme and me, giving vent to his feelings in admiring French and English expletives. But Abe was disgusted because of the failure at Slavin's, for when Nelson looked in to see Slavin's French Canadian wife in charge with her baby on her lap, and he came back to Shaw and said, "Come away; we can't touch this," Shaw, after looking in, agreed that nothing could be done. A baby held the fort.

As Craig listened to the account of the fight he tried hard not to approve, but he could not keep the gleam out of his eyes, and as I pictured Graeme dislodging back the crowd through the barricade till he was brought down by the chisel Craig laughed gaily and pat his hand on Graeme's knee, and as I went on to describe my agony while Idaho's fingers were gradually nearing the knife his face grew pale and his eyes grew wide with horror.

"Baptiste here did the business," I said, and the little Frenchman nodded complacently and said:

"Dat's me for sure."

"By the way, how is your foot?" asked Graeme.

"It's fine now. Dat's what you call some sort of—of—dat led bees. He's dere; you put your finger dere, he's not dere. What you call that?"

"Flea," I suggested.

"Out!" cried Baptiste. "Dat's one bite of tea."

"I was thankful I was under the barrels," I replied, sniffling.

"Ogil, dat's mak me yer mad."

jump and went into awful bad. Dat's pardon me, Mr. Craig, heh?"

But Craig only smiled at him rather sadly.

"It was awfully risky," he said to Graeme, "and it was hardly worth it. They'll get more whisky, and anyway the league is gone."

"Well," said Graeme, with a slight of satisfaction, "it's not quite such a one-sided affair as it was."

And we could say nothing in reply, for we could hear Nixon shouting in the next room, and no one had heard of Billy, and there were others of the league that we knew were even now down at Slavin's. It was thought best that all should remain in Mr. Craig's shack, not knowing what might happen, and so we lay where we could, and we needed none to sing us to sleep.

When I awoke, stiff and sore, it was to find breakfast ready and old man Nelson in charge. As we were seated Craig came in, and I saw that he was not the man of the night before. His courage had come back; his face was quiet and his eye clear. He was his own man again.

Graeme dodged his blow and caught his forearm with his left hand and held up high the unmerciful knife. Back and forward they swayed over the door, slippery with whisky, the knife held high in the air. I wondered why Graeme did not strike, but he could not.

"She is—where you will be before I am done with you."

"Ah, you numbered her foot! You'll have some beautiful day, Idaho," said Graeme as Idaho sprang upon him.

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**Mother's Girl.**

There exists often a very beautiful companionship between the mother and her daughter. The intimacy is frank, free and sympathetic. But some day the mother feels as if something had chilled this intimacy. The child is silent and sad, and seems to shrink her mother instead of seeking her.

This change very often occurs when the young girl is crossing the last line of womanhood. She is inwardly nervous, fearful, as she enters upon this new experience.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such a time will do more than restore the normal balance of mind and body. It will establish the womanly function upon a basis of sound health, as well as improve the appetite, nourish the nerves, and promote the general physical health.

"Two years ago my daughter's health began to fail," writes Mrs. Anna Hale, Green Co., Wis. "Everything that could be thought of was done to help her but it was of no use. When she began to complain she was quite strong, weighed 125 lbs; the picture of good health. At the age of fourteen, then in my mother's care, she weighed 100 lbs. but 125. I felt I could not let her die, so was the only child I had, and I must do better, that only for your 'Favorite Prescription' my daughter would have been in her grave by now. Then she had taken one-half bottle of your medicine and was established and we sought another one, taking only two bottles in all, and completely recovered. Since then she has

been well again."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser,

200 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr.

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This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase, and extractive matter together with a infinitesimal amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starch food converting it into dextrose and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Diapensis, (due to organic disease or Infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

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DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste.

Children in proportion to age.

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Shop #3 MURKIN,  
P. O. Box 131, Residence 10 Church St.

# # # # # # Lee Held Up at Malvern Hill

(Copyright, 1862, by G. L. Kilmer.)

IT was daybreak the 1st of July, 1862, when the Confederate column led by Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet and Stuart discovered that their prey had escaped. For a week they had been dogging at the heels of McClellan's army. McClellan had undertaken in the midst of a fighting campaign and in the face of superior numbers to transfer his troops and his base of supplies from the Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers, east and north of Richmond, to the James river at a point fifteen miles west and south.

At Glance Mill, Oak Grove and Savage Station, on McClellan's old camp ground at the crossing of White Oak swamp, at Glendale and Charles City crossroads, on the road to the James, and at Malvern hill, the point aimed at the river, he had been attacked. With a battle line over twenty miles long, McClellan necessarily fought in the separate battles with isolated portions of his army, but not once had he been routed or defeated. In his retreat withdrawn from his old lines before Richmond, McClellan occupied two days and nights, and yet all that time the Confederates were in touch with his pickets and knew what was going on in the Federal camps. In the hope that a better chance for attack would be found when their enemy had cut loose from his trenches and his troops become strung out on a single road they waited and followed, ready for a final spring.

The morning of July 1 the Confederates halted in their march upon the high ground overlooking the James at Malvern hill and saw before them upon the heights and slopes of Malvern the Army of the Potomac drawn up in battle array. Upon the plateau crowning the hill score of canon in battery and thousands of men in blue bivouacked around them. Below the great upon slopes which ran in semicircular form from the river bank above the camp to the bank below were tier upon tier of guns, and sheltered by little ridges of ground by thousands more of the troops that had fought every day and marched every night for a week, ready to fight again and disposed to gloat over the predicament of their baffled foes.

It is an axiom of war never to fight with your back to a river, and the Confederates got what satisfaction they could out of the discovery that such was the predicament of "Little Mac" and his valiant army. But there were gunboats in that river to stand by the men who would fight on the bluffs. With its guns frowning on every pass from the farther hills to the crest of Malvern, its banners flying and its battalions bristling in the morning sun, the Army of the Potomac seemed to challenge attack, and Lee was not slow to take up the gage of battle. McClellan had gained the goal he aimed at, a position on James river, but there he must fight for the life of his army.

For once Stonewall Jackson, the masterly flank fighter, was not on hand at the trying hour. Lee waited for him and when he came to the field gave him the task of striking at McClellan's right flank. The only road that McClellan could use to get his army from Malvern hill in case of disaster lay on the right of his position and led down the James. If Jackson smashed that right, the road would be closed and the Army of the Potomac at the mercy of Lee, for there was no bridge across the James, and the crossing of a defeated army under fire by means of shipping would be impossible.

Before sending his infantry against the enemy Lee placed his batteries upon the protecting ridge of the hills opposite McClellan's camp, with orders to bombard the retreating ranks of men in blue. But these batteries were knocked out in a twinkling by the gunners across the valley. Not a gun of McClellan's was silenced, not a regiment in his lines was driven from its ground, by hours of shelling at the hands of the Confederates. Off from McClellan's left flank, which was Lee's right, General Longstreet found a position where he thought sixty guns could be massed and by playing over the Federal left upon its right, the whole array on the Malvern plateau could be thrown into confusion. Then grand array all along the line, with Jackson joining in, would settle the fate of McClellan's army. But it transpired that the road to the ground where the batteries were to stand would not admit of the passing of but a single battery at a time. It took all day to mass them at that rate, and they got to work in relays of two batteries, or eight guns, for action at one time.

But McClellan had no difficulty in training fifty or sixty guns upon any point he chose in Lee's lines. The isolated Confederate batteries were torn into fragments, and sometimes before the pieces were unlimbered the horses drawing them would be piled upon each other and the dismounted guns and shattered carriages piled up on top of them. Meanwhile the Confederate skirmishers had been pressing the enemy, feeling for positions. The rattle of musketry was continuous, but little cessation, but no real battle was on until late in the day, and, as usual with monumental failures, there are various excuses offered as to how it all happened. Longstreet says that

ARMISTEAD LEADING THE CHARGE AT MALVERN HILL.

the flagstaff in two, and the tattered ensign was tied to a bayonet and borne through the fight.

Although the soldiers of McClellan had been told to stand in their places and let the Confederates throw themselves upon the ready bayonets, they were carried away by enthusiasm and rushed forward to attack the reckless foe. The Fourteenth New York got into its terrible fight with the Third Georgia by sallying out in disobedience to orders upon a retreating foe which the Third tried to shield. The fight from the Chickahominy to the James had been uphill work for McClellan's soldiers. The territory had been all along within the Confederate lines and was unknown ground.

Enemies had beset the march at every turn, and at last the field of Malvern Hill gave them a chance at open battle with ranks closed up. They won the day. Lee was repulsed, and the Army of the Potomac stood invincible upon the banks of James river within twenty miles of Richmond.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

His Identity.

Philip was saying his prayers before going to bed and ended his supplication with, "Amen, Philip Evans?" "Why, Philip, why did you say that?" asked his mother.

"Well," he replied, "I didn't want God to mix me up with Brother Ed. He does act so dreadfully?"—Boston Transcript.

A Nice Friend.

Markley. You're a nice friend to have. Why didn't you lend Borroughs the \$5 he wanted?

Kraft. Why should I?

Markley. To save me. You must have realized that he knew if he didn't get it from you he would from me. You've practically robbed me of that \$5."—Philadelphia Press.

## BLACK ROCK.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Mayor, without whose counsel nothing was done.

"Why come to grief?" she asked brightly.

"Because if we don't get the right man that's what will happen," he replied in a tone that spoke of anxious worry.

"But we shall get the right man, never fear." Her serene courage never faltered. "He will come to us!"

Craig turned and gazed at her in frank admiration and said:

"If only had your courage!"

"Courage!" she answered quickly. "It is not for you to say that!" And at his answering look the red came into her cheek and the depths in her eyes glowed, and I marveled and wondered, looking at Craig's coal face, whether his blood were running evenly through his veins. But his voice was quiet—a shade too quiet, I thought—but he gravely replied:

"I would often be a coward but for the shame of it."

And so the league waited for the man to come who was to be resident manager and make the new enterprise a success. And come he did, but the manner of his coming was so extraordinary that I have believed in the doctrine of a special providence ever since, for, as Craig said, "If he had come straight from heaven, I could not have been more surprised."

While the League was thus waiting, its interest centered upon Slavin, chiefly because he represented more than any other the forces of the enemy, and, though Billy Green stood between him and the vengeance of the angry men who would have made short work of him and his crew, nothing could save him from himself, and after the funeral Slavin went to his bar and drank whisky as he had never drunk before. But the more he drank the clever and gloomy he became, and when the men drinking with him chaffed him, he swore deeply and with such threats that they left him alone.

It did not help Slavin either to have Nixon stride in through the crowd drumming at his bar and give him words of warning. "It is not your fault, Slavin," he said in a slow, cool voice, "that you and your precious crew didn't send me to my death too. You've won your bet, but I want to say that next time, though you are seven to one ten times that, when any of you boys offer me a drink I'll take you to mean fight, and I'll not disappoint you, and some one will be killed." And so, saying, he strode out again, leaving a mean looking crowd of men behind him. All who had not been concerned in the business at Nixon's place expressed approval of his position and hoped he would see it through.

But the impression of Nixon's words upon Slavin was not nothing compared with that made by Geordie Crawford. It was not what he said so much as the manner of awful solemnity he carried. Geordie was struggling conscientiously to keep his promise to "not be hard on the boys", and found considerable relief in remembering that he had agreed "to leave them to the Almighty." But the manner of leaving them was so solemnly awful that could not wonder that Slavin's supernatural Irish nature supplied him with supernatural terrors. It was the second day after the funeral that Geordie and I were walking toward Slavin's. There was a great shout of laughter as we drew near.

Geordie stopped short and, saying, "We'll just gang in a minute," passed through the crowd and up to the bar.

"Michael Slavin," began Geordie, and the men stared in dead silence, with their glasses in their hands—"Michael Slavin, I promised the lad I'd bear ye one ill will, but just leave ye to the Almighty, an' I want ye tell ye that I'm keepin' me word. But," and here he raised his hand, and his voice became preternaturally solemn, "his bluid is upon yer han's. Do ye no' see it?"

His voice rose sharply, and as he pointed Slavin instinctively glanced at his hands, and Geordie added:

"Aye, an' the Lord will require it o' ye an' yer house."

They told me that Slavin shivered as taken with ague after Geordie went out, and though he laughed and swore, he did not stop drinking till he sank in a drunken stupor and had to be carried to bed. His French Canadian wife could not understand the change that had come over her husband.

"He's like one bear," she said to me. Mrs. Mayor, to whom she was showing her baby of a year old, "He's not kees me one tam da day. He's mos' lawfule bad. He's not even look at da baby."

And this seemed sufficient proof that something was seriously wrong, for she went on to say:

"He's think more for dat leel baby dan for de whole worl'. He's think more for dat baby dan for me." But she shugged her pretty little shoulders in depreciation of her speech.

"You must pray for him," said Mrs. Mayor, "and all will come right."

"Ah, madame," she replied earnestly, "every day, every day, I pray la sainte Vierge et tous les saints for him."

"You must pray to your Father in heaven for him."

"Ah, out, I weel," was the quick reply, and from that moment there was no more wailing.

It seemed no more than a minute till Slavin came in again, sober, quiet and steady. The passion was all gone from his face, and only the grief remained.

As we stood leaning over the sleeping child the little thing opened its eyes, saw its father and smiled. It was too much for him. The big man dropped on his knees with dry sob.

"Is there no chance at all, at all?" he whispered, but I could give him no hope. He immediately rose and, pulling himself together, stood perfectly quiet.

A new terror seized upon the mother.

"My baby is not—what you call it?"

"Going through the form of baptism."

"An' he will not come to la sainte Vierge," she said, crossing herself.

"Do not fear for your little one," said Mrs. Mayor, still with her arms about her.

"The good Saviour will take your darling into his own arms."

But the mother would not be comforted by this, and Slavin, too, was uneasy.

# The Mercury.

JOHN D. BANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, June 28, 1902.

President Roosevelt has taken to walking for exercise. About two years from now he will be doing some tall running.

Remember that today and Monday are the last days for registering in order to become voters any time during the coming year.

The mayor of Minneapolis has been indicted for offering a bribe. The seriousness of this crime has at last aroused public attention.

Senator Hoar and his action on the Philippine bill have been endorsed by David B. Hill. Sorry for Hoar. But if Cleveland and Bryan will now endorse Hill that will settle it.

The registration of voters in the city of Providence up to Thursday night was 11,789 more than 2000 more than it was last year at the close. It looks as though someone is stirring up litigations in that city.

"Even Newport is reported as feeling cool and collected."—Boston Herald.

Newport is always cool and the "cool feels" when she can. If you don't believe it come down and spend the summer and find out.

The town of Warren has just sold \$30,000 worth of 3% per cent bonds of a sum of \$7,00 on a \$100. These bonds are for the purpose of raising money to build a school house and are to be paid off \$2000 each year for a period of fifteen years.

Capt. R. P. Hobson declined to kiss a beautiful young girl at Groton, Conn., last Tuesday, and the Boston Advertiser is led to believe that, perhaps, after all, his claim that he is losing the sight of his eyes is not altogether unfounded.

The conference committees of the Senate and House have unanimously agreed upon the Senate bill, allowing the President to select the Panama route for the Isthmus canal, and the measure will pass the House by a large majority. This will practically settle the canal question.

Registration is going on rapidly in all the cities of the state. The last day is next Monday, and from present indications the list at that time will be much larger than it was last year. Thus far the Democratic politicians appear to have a decided advantage. How it will be when the registration ends remains to be seen. The heaviest work of the year will doubtless be done today and Monday.

It is Doctor Roosevelt now as well as Col. Roosevelt, President Roosevelt, etc. Harvard made him a Doctor of Laws on Wednesday. At the same time it "Doctor" Secretary Hay, and some others of less note. Yale College made ex-Secretary Long an A. B. and Williams College does the same thing for Gen. Wood. The crop of new Doctors of Laws is somewhat numerous and very distinguished.

Branston, Ill., is the limit in the matter of reform. It is about to open a billiard hall the like of which was never dreamed of. Two churches are backing the enterprise, and will furnish the Bibles and tracts which are to supply the places of the ordinary billiard hall spotting papers and pictures. A choice vintage of lemonade will be on tap for the habitues of the place, and every morning, after the doors are thrown open, a little prayer-meeting will inaugurate the festivities of the day.

The Audubon societies of the country have at last concluded to abdicate moral suasion in their toadish efforts to prevent the use of birds in military, and propose to appeal to the laws in such states as have statutes bearing on the case. Wholesalers in Illinois have received notice to this effect, and dealers throughout the country will be long be favored with a practical demonstration of the fact that the people who are enlisted in the great work of preserving our bird life are also desperately earnest.

The annual encampment of the militia has been abandoned for this year. That is certainly one good result of the strike. These annual shows cost the State from \$10,000 to \$50,000, and no one living, or dead, can point to one cent's worth of benefit to the state being derived from them. Our state militia is a costly luxury. If the entire brigade were disbanded and a few good independent companies, like the Newport Artillery, organized, the State would save many thousands of dollars and would moreover have something in case of riot that could be relied upon. But as long as the nation is a political plaything no improvement can be expected.

The owners of the Union Linen of Providence are disposed to let the State of Rhode Island as well as public sentiment generally. The General Assembly passed a law last winter forbidding the company to require or allow its employees to work more than ten hours a day. The Supreme Court of the state has just rendered a decision declaring that the law is unconstitutional. But the owners of the road, a majority of whom are non-residents, are determined to hold the law in the face of the legislature. What the result will remain to be seen. If the road owners succeed they will be satisfied by the Legislature, party the owners are in, in forcing the company to pay the expenses of the state road.

## The Canal Bill.

The House of Representatives early in the session passed the Neutrino Canal bill almost unanimously. Last week after a long debate the Senate passed the Spooner bill, so called, which authorizes the President to choose the Panamanian route under certain conditions.

The bill authorizes the President to purchase at a cost not exceeding \$10,000,000 the franchises and property of the Panama Canal Company on the Isthmus of Panama, including the capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company held for the use of the Canal Company, provided a satisfactory title to the property can be obtained. The President is also authorized to acquire from the Republic of Colombia perpetual control of a strip of land not less than six miles in width within which to excavate and construct a canal from the Caribbean sea to the Pacific ocean.

In the event, however, of the President being unable to obtain a satisfactory title to the property of the Panama Canal Company and the control of the necessary territory of the Republic of Colombia within a reasonable time, and on reasonable terms, he is authorized to arrange for the construction of a canal by the Neutrino route. The bill also provides for the creation of an Isthmian Canal Commission, to be composed of seven members, of whom a majority shall be engineers, under whose supervision the work of construction shall be done, and it authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow the sum of \$130,000,000 or so much thereof as may be necessary to meet the expense of constructing the canal. The Senate has without doubt, in passing this alternative proposition, taken the wheel entirely in relation to the canal question.

"Gov. Jeff Davis of Arkansas who was recently expelled by a Baptist church, seems to have spoken by the ear," says the Chattanooga News, "when he said that 'the Lord will take care of his own.' He has just carried seventy out of the seventy-five counties of his State for his second nomination, and another Baptist church has taken him in out of the wet. There is nothing like mountain-moving faith in overcoming obstacles." The renomination of a drunken blackguard for Governor of a State might, in the minds of most right thinking people, be equated to the machinations of that other individual who is supposed to reign in the lower regions rather than to the Lord.

A New Jersey corporation now controls the Union railroad of Providence and the Providence Electric Company. The merger company is known as the Rhode Island Securities Company of New Jersey.

Mrs. William H. Cotton has returned from a visit to Boston.

## Jamestown.

The monthly meeting of the town council was held Tuesday evening, all the members being present.

A copy of the will and probate thereof of Mary L. Wharton was referred to the fourth Monday in August.

The inventory on the estate of Charles W. Champlin was received.

Jesse R. Newman, chief of the fire department, asked for an appropriation to purchase a number of the Belgian fire extinguishers. It was voted to purchase one dozen.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: Harry C. Champlin, services as janitor, \$80; Job W. Tefft, assigned services of Alonso Tefft for care of horses, \$45; B. F. Gardner & Son, supplies for street department, \$85.50; John Robinson, repairs, \$7; Gideon Lathan, work on road, \$15; Ferdinand Arbenstiel, repairs on street lights at Conant Park, \$4.10; stock and labor, \$25.57; John E. Watson, bill for Howard Ellis, for work on road, \$14.25; George A. Brown, work on road, \$15.60; Peter Theodore, work on road, \$15.60; Daniel W. Arnold, burying dog, \$4; work on road, \$12.75; George W. Peckham, work on road, \$45.60; William H. Harrison, repairing harness, \$1.75; Aaron Richardson, work on road, \$22.12; William A. Barber, work on road, \$18.50; Joseph G. Stevens, grain, etc., \$5.25; John E. Watson, supplies, \$5.25; R. E. Sherman, care of street lights, \$50; Charles E. Hull, services as policeman, \$54.42; board, \$24; Abram Van Pelt, work on highway, \$10; services as policeman, \$56.50; John E. Watson, groceries, \$115.00; John E. Watson, supplies, \$55.00; Charles A. Vars, sever in Clark street, \$17; Andrew L. Peckham, building catch basin and curvers and grading sidewalks, \$12.00; work on road, \$18; Amos L. Peckham, A. H. Peckham and Alton Head, account of road, Walcott Avenue and Brooks street, \$2.00.

The bill of Ferdinand Arbenstiel was referred to the school committee.

It was voted that the town treasurer be authorized to renew the note for \$2000 for four months.

A petition for watering Southwest avenue was referred to John E. Brayman.

The question of licenses for hawkers and peddlers was brought up, and it was laid on the table.

Mr. Albert Cawellisted for a license for four pool tables. A motion was made that the license be granted, to vote taken resulting in one yeas and one nay. A motion was then made that a bill be made of the members of the council, resulting as follows: No. N. Hammond, John E. Brayman, B. E. Hull, Yes—R. E. Sturges, John L. Watson, conditioned.

A town meeting is to be called for Wednesday, July 2, at 10 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of raising money to pay current expenses.

Voted that the town clerk be requested to call a town meeting for Saturday, July 6, at 10 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of authorizing the town treasurer to raise money to pay the current expenses.

The town meeting authorized the town treasurer to call a town meeting for Saturday, July 6, at 10 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of authorizing the town treasurer to raise money to pay the current expenses.

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## TO DEEP ANXIETY

England's Jubilation Takes a Sudden Turn

## KING IN CRITICAL CONDITION

Even If He Should Recover the Coronation Ceremonies Cannot Be Postponed For Months—Queen Bears the Strain With Bravest Spirit

London, June 27.—The following bulletin was posted at Buckingham palace at 11 o'clock last night:

"The king has passed a fairly comfortable day and has maintained his strength. There is a returning desire for food which has been very carefully given. There has been some return of pain in the womb."

London, June 25.—With dramatic suddenness King Edward VII has been struck down upon the eve of his coronation. He now lies in a critical state at the Buckingham palace.

The king is suffering from a violent inflammation of the intestines, differing from appendicitis mainly in that the seat of trouble, instead of being in the vermiform appendix, radiating therefrom has its seat in the fissile and that fleshy organ.

The king's doctors believe that his Majesty would have been dead before now except for the operation. His condition became so alarming Monday night that at the time it was feared death might ensue before the surgeon's knife could afford him relief.

Intense swelling of the extremities, accompanied by alarming symptoms of mortification, constituted the emergency which demanded an immediate operation. To the last the king tried to avoid this, and he was willing to be carried to the abbey for the coronation ceremony in order that it should occur as arranged.

The influence of Queen Alexandra was enlisted, however, and at an early hour in the morning the royal patient was prepared for the operation which, in the skillful hands of England's best surgeons, was fought with grave danger.

Shortly before 2 o'clock in the afternoon the king as moved from his couch to the operating table and the anesthesia was administered. Dr. Treves made the incision near the patient's groin and cut it upward with an outward sweep for nearly four inches. The obstruction was removed and a tube was placed in the affected intestine.

King Edward's first word when he returned to consciousness were to add: "George" and the Prince of Wales, who was waiting in the next room, was immediately admitted to his father's presence.

While the operation was being performed the great central court yard of Buckingham palace was utterly deserted and an impressive silence reigned throughout the building. Then the word was passed around that "all had gone well."

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour then went in to congratulate Queen Alexandra and afterward an informal and perhaps hasty discussion occurred between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught and Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour and several other members of the cabinet.

A brief notice has been published in The Gazette as a result of which the entire state social and business arrangements throughout the country are paralyzed. The order issued from the earl marshal's office and reads as follows:

"I have to announce that the solemnity of the coronation of their majesties, King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, is postponed from the 26th to a date hereafter to be determined."

The best informed opinion places the date of the coronation in about three months' time, providing King Edward progresses well in the meantime.

Queen Alexandra has borne the strain of the past week with the bravest spirit. She was always fearful of what might happen. Her majesty took her part in the festivities at Ascot and elsewhere without revealing any sign of her inward anxiety, and when she was told yesterday that an operation was imperative and that the coronation would have to be postponed, she quietly answered: "Have I not felt that this would happen?" and asked "how does the king bear it?" Upon receiving an assuring reply Queen Alexandra exerted herself to appear cheerful and to devise means to lessen the king's grief and disappointment.

**New Railroad In Vermont**  
Manchester, Vt., June 26.—A charter has been authorized by the secretary of state for the building of a new steam railroad, to be known as the Manchester, Dorset and Granville railroad. The capital stock is to be \$350,000. Surveyors will begin on the road at once. It will be 23 miles long, over easy grades, running through a rich farming country and near large marble and slate quarries.

**Arrests In Sanitarium Disaster**  
Chicago, June 24.—O. E. Miller, president, and Henry C. Davis, general manager of St. Luke's society, were held responsible last night by the coroner's jury for the fire at the sanitarium which cost 11 lives. Both men were arrested.

**Twenty-five Killed by Lightning**  
Madrid, June 25.—While a funeral was being held in a church at Pinerio yesterday, the building was struck by lightning, and as a result 25 persons were killed and 35 were injured.

**Lydia Sawyer's Queer Caper**  
Baltimore, June 27.—Lydia Letitia Sawyer, the woman who, under the name of Herman G. Wood, married Mrs. Ernestine L. Rauck, and was arrested Wednesday, was released last night. Still attired in men's clothing "Wood" left the station and later was seen in a saloon.

## WITHOUT KNOWN MOTIVE

Marlin Glass Took Brother's Life and Attempts to Kill Mother  
Dover, N. H., June 20.—Marlin A. Glass shot and killed his brother, George W. Glass, last night, at No. 10 Kirkland street, and so seriously assaulted his mother, Mrs. Mary F. Glass, by striking her over the head with the butt of his revolver and then pushing her through a window of the house, that she is now in a critical condition.

Marlin made his escape from the house after the tragedy, but was captured two hours later at Madbury, three miles away, and brought to the city and locked up. No motive for the killing is apparent, and in view of the fact that Marlin has acted peculiarly for some time past and that his father took his own life several years ago, it is thought he may have been partially deranged.

When picked up the prisoner said he did not remember having any trouble with his brother or his mother and denied all knowledge of having shot or assaulted them. Marlin is said to have done but little work for two years past.

## Yale-Harvard Aquatic Contest

New London, Conn., June 27.—Having within 19 seconds of record time the Yale varsity crew yesterday afternoon lowered the colors of the fastest eight that Harvard has yet produced. Yale won by four boat lengths. Yale's time was 20:26. Harvard's, 20:23. In the four-oared race the colors of Harvard were borne to the front. The Cambridge four won by 2½ lengths. In the freshman race Yale's crew led over the last half until within a few feet of the finish, where the Harvard crew by a magnificent spurt jumped their shell up even with the blue. The judges were compelled to decide that the race was a draw.

## Attempt to Wreck Car

Providence, June 26.—A charge of dynamite placed on the tracks of the United Traction company, exploded last night under a suburban car at Riverside. A wheel was torn off and the trap door in the flooring was blown into the car. The two passengers were badly frightened, but they were unharmed. This is the second instance within a few weeks where powerful explosives were used to wreck cars.

## Fourber Got \$11,520

Washington, June 25.—F. B. Thrasher, who told before the Senate Cuban committee regarding payments received from the military government in Cuba for the promotion of reciprocity sentiment, yesterday sent a letter to Chairman Platt, saying he desired to correct his testimony so as to make it show that he received four vouchers of \$2,850 each or \$11,520 in all.

## Pawtucket Has Quilted Down

Pawtucket, R. I., June 26.—The last remaining troops of the state militia which was ordered here two weeks ago to suppress riots brought about in connection with the street railway employees strike departed last night. The restoration of order by the local authorities during the last week brought about results satisfactory alike to both troops and people.

## Each Side Seeking Advantage

Washington, June 24.—Secretary Root declined to discuss the details of Governor Taft's negotiations at Rome until they are complete. They are proceeding steadily, each side seeking to make the best possible bargain, with the result that there have been several exchanges since the original proposal of Governor Taft touching the friars' lands.

## Chenille Got Everything

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 23.—Chenille has won the greatest triumph of her history in boating. The Indians firmly swept the Hudson, whirling all three events in the inter-collegiate regatta, the varsity, the freshman and the four-oared races. In each race the crews coached by Courtney had to fight all the way from start to finish for victory.

## Lodge Gets a Degree

New Haven, June 26.—The Yale commencement day banquet was held yesterday afternoon. Among the speakers was Senator Lodge, upon whom the degree of doctor of laws had been conferred. Mr. Lodge said that no honor could be more highly appreciated by a Harvard alumnus than to be given an honorary degree by Yale university.

## Conductor Crushed to Death

Hartford, June 25.—Frank Sarven, aged 23, a conductor on the West Hartford trolley line, was crushed to death between two cars on a switch last night. Sarven had signalled the motorman on his car to proceed before another car on the main line had passed, and he was crushed to death before either car could be stopped.

## Color Line In Cuba

Havana, June 24.—At a meeting of the colored inhabitants of Cuba, held here yesterday, they voted to petition the Cuban congress to annul the existing military orders which make distinctions against the blacks. They declared the country belonged to them equally with the whites and expressed a desire to live in peace.

## Held on Murder Charge

New Haven, June 26.—Antonio Ozilio, an Italian, who is said to have stabbed Augustino D'Adamo through the heart during a quarrel over a debt of \$4, was held yesterday without bail for the next term of the superior court on a warrant charging murder in the first degree. He waived examination in the city court.

## American Victims of Cholera

Manila, June 23.—Ninety American soldiers have died of cholera since the disease first broke out. The total of cases and deaths from the epidemic are: Manila, 1,330 cases and 1236 deaths; provinces, 7,360 cases and 5,410 deaths.

## Aloof From Old Associates

Northampton, Mass., June 27.—William B. Morton, who was recently sentenced to the house of correction for three years for forging notes and obtaining \$3500 from banks, was resented yesterday, this time to state prison by his own request, as he wanted to go where his old associates could not visit him.

## ARGUMENT ENDED

House Passes Philippine Civil Government Bill

## ALMOST STRICT PARTY VOTE

Differ In Many Particulars From Measure Passed by Senate—Amendment to Ultimately Great Self-Government Meets With Defeat

Washington, June 27.—At 8 o'clock last night, at the end of a nine-hour session, and of a debate lasting night and day for a week, the house passed the Philippine civil government bill, practically as it came from the committee. It was a party vote 111-97, with the exception of Mr. McCall (Musco), who voted with the Democrats. The minority substitute for the establishment of a temporary government in the islands and their permanent independence as soon as a stable government could be established, was defeated by 63 to 139.

The debate during the day was at times of a lively character. The Democrats offered a multitude of amendments, but all were voted down, including one to prohibit slavery or involuntary servitude in the islands.

The greatest interest attached to an amendment offered by Mr. McCall to declare the policy of the United States to develop the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government and pledging the faith of the United States to grant them self-government. He supported the amendment in an eloquent speech and the Democrats challenged their political adversaries to declare their future policy.

The amendment was lost, 80 to 128. It was a strict party vote, except for Mr. McCall and Mr. Littlefield (Me), who voted with the Democrats for the amendment.

One of the most important differences between the senate and house bills is that relating to marriage. The senate provided a silver standard somewhat in extension and perfection of that now in existence. The house measure provides a gold standard system, with the gold dollar of the United States as the standard unit of value for the islands. The main coin is to be the peso, made in silver, but of a gold value, and this to be divided into subsidiary pieces of money bearing devices emblematic of American sovereignty. Provision also is made for a system of paper currency, bank and for a complete financial system.

In dealing with the grant of franchises, the house bill places many more restrictions on such grants than the senate bill. Both bills provide for acquiring the franchise lands and for the issue of bonds sufficient to pay for these lands, the senate providing making the interest rate 4½ percent and the house 6 percent. Both measures contain extended provisions relative to timber lands, harbor and internal improvements, and for two delegate commissioners chosen by the Filipinos to represent them in Washington and have the privilege of the use of the house.

## Dewey Takes on Manila

Washington, June 27.—Admiral Dewey made a statement before the senate committee on the Philippines yesterday concerning the early operations at Manila, when he was in command of the American naval forces in Philippine waters. The admiral's statement contributed an important addition to the history of the surrender of the city of Manila. This consisted of a positive statement by the admiral to the effect that the city had been surrendered to him at the time that the Spanish fleet was sunk and that when the city did surrender it was in pursuance of a definite understanding between himself and the Spanish governor general. The admiral told of his relations with Aguinaldo and said he never recognized the government of the Filipinos. He took little stock in the usefulness of the natives.

## Murder and Suicide at Springfield

Springfield, Mass., June 26.—Mrs. Antonia Mueller, wife of a German brewer, was shot and killed yesterday in her home on Main street by Joseph Behr, a tobacconist. The murderer committed suicide by shooting. A friend said that Behr had been jealous because the woman would not concentrate her affections upon him, and that he had frequently said he would shoot her.

## Charged With Killing Negro

Springfield, Mass., June 21.—John Healy, a vegetable peddler, was arrested last night on the charge of murder.

It is charged by the police that last Saturday evening he met a colored man, Wilson Burrell, and saying: "Want to see me hit a nigger" struck Burrell, knocking him to the pavement. Burrell died from a fracture of the skull.

## General Strike of Miners Probable

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 25.—A prominent district officer, in discussing the probable action of the special national convention at Indianapolis, says: "The anthracite delegates will go to the convention instructed to vote solidly for a general strike of the soft coal miners. I am of the opinion that the convention will order a general strike."

## Two Men Instantly Killed

Boston, June 27.—Two men, who were attempting to board a freight train at Cottage Farm last night, were struck by an express and instantly killed. One of them, about 25 years old, it is thought may have been Frank Astley of Haverhill. The other, apparently about the same age, had nothing about him that furnished a clue to his identity.

The Hebrews of Boston are agitated greatly because it is believed their vandals have desecrated their burial ground. The police have been informed that the cemetery gates have been broken, signs removed and a grave dug and rifled. The opening of a grave is an act of desecration, according to the religious tenets of the Hebrews.

## ANTI-IMPERIALISTS

Charge Bad Faith on Our Part in the Treatment of Cuba

Boston, June 27.—The New England Anti-imperialist League held a public meeting in Faneuil hall last night, with Bourke Cockran of New York as the speaker. One of the objects of the meeting was to formulate a demand that representative Filipinos be permitted to come to this country and lay their case before the American people. It was well attended and enthusiasm was manifested in cheering at salient points of the speeches, and for Senator Hearst, although there was some slight ripple of criticism by a deep-voiced man who for a time persisted in calling for cheers for Theodore Roosevelt, the grandest man who ever lived. He subsided, however, and the gathering was all attention to Mr. Cockran's words.

Mr. Cockran spoke with great earnestness. He referred to the war as having been forced on by a people possessed with the desire to free Cuba from Spanish oppression, and then he took Cuba as the text for his remarks upon the effects and distinguishing characteristics of imperialism. He charged bad faith in the treatment of Cuba, for in the face of a promise of independence to the people of that island, the Cubans had, he said, been deprived of the very essence of independence, the authority to preserve order among themselves and to make treaties with foreign powers. Our oppression of the Cubans, he contended, had been more scientific, more drastic, and more terrible than that of Spain, because it was being undertaken for the purpose of enriching a syndicate.

The treatment of the Filipinos by the United States, Mr. Cockran declared, was the blackest page in history, for we had turned our backs upon them after accepting them as allies.

## Hospital Interrupted

Boston, June 27.—Demonstrations against the bride-elect by relatives and countrymen prevented a wedding at St. Joseph's Catholic church in the west end last night. The bride-elect was given police protection for a while, and later she and her fiance were enabled to meet and then disappeared. It is said, to go to New York on the mid-night train for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed. The young woman was Jennie Finkelstein, aged 22, and the man of her choice, John Reilly, aged 25. The relatives of the young woman could not be recruited to her marriage outside the Jewish faith and they made all manner of trouble.

## Working on the Clark Case

Beverly, Mass., June 27.—Officers Daniels, Neal and Thompson of the state police were sent yesterday to Gloucester point in Essex to investigate the mysterious disappearance of Wilbur Clarke, 4 years old. The officers are working on several clues. The Beverly police received word last night that a coachman at Beverly farms had seen a man coming from a brickyard at Manchester accompanied by a boy carrying the description of the Clark child. They will investigate the story.

## Alleged Theft of \$52,000 In Bonds

Boiton, June 27.—Frederick S. Donnell was arrested yesterday on a warrant charging him with the larceny of bonds valued at \$52,000. Harry E. Weed is the complainant, and he says he represents an interested in the Winnebago Traction company of Oshkosh, Wis., of which Donnell is president. Hall was secured for Donnell by his family. He declined to indicate all the police know is that the case has something to do with organizing the company.

## Nashua Municipal Muddle

Nashua, N. H., June 27.—Mayor Taylor has discharged Comptroller of Streets Winslow as the result of a controversy between the mayor and the street commissioner over the matter of hiring city teams, and a lawsuit against the city will be the probable outcome. The controversy involves the question whether there is legally existing here a board of public works, of which Mayor Taylor claims to be chairman.

## A lively fire in the saloon of the steamer City of Jacksonville, lying at Boston, caused damage to the extent of about \$5000.

The Atholboro, Mass., board of health fears there will be an epidemic of smallpox, as many persons have been exposed to the contagion.

William J. Rexford, 59 years old, was struck by an express train near Auburn, R. I., and instantly killed.

Lucius E. Baldwin, a wealthy retired inventor, died suddenly at Groton, Conn., of heart failure. He was 68 years old.

Congressman Kittredge Haskins of Brattleboro was unanimously renominated at the Vermont Second district Republican congressional convention.

A Spanish cannon taken from Admiral Cervera's flagship Merlin Theresa and presented to Anna Warner Bailey chapter, D. A. R., by the United States government, was unveiled at Groton, Conn.

The Massachusetts society of New York has been placed on a permanent basis. H. L. Bridgeman was elected chairman and F. M. Dowd, secretary.

The opening session of the American Library association at Magnolia, Mass., was made noteworthy by the announcement that a gift of \$100,000 had been received from Andrew Carnegie for the preparation and publication of reading lists and indexes.

Among the prizes awarded at the graduation exercises of the Fryeburg (Me.) academy was a gold medal for the best debater. It was presented to Miss Eloise Gerry of the class of 1902.

The once

**WHEN JOHNNY COMES.**

When Johnny spends the day with us  
With all the things a-happenin' in this old  
"you never seen the best  
He brings the new lawn-mower up, an'  
Jocks it in the shed;  
An' hides his strap an' razor, 'twen the  
covers of the bed.  
He says: "Keep out the library, what-  
ever else you do,  
I shall have a settlement with you on  
house an' street.

Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry  
door an' cellar,  
An' ev'ry place that's like as not to interest a feller,  
An' all her chin ornaments, a-ticklin'  
round the wob,  
She acts as high as she kin reach, fer  
fear they'll git a fall.  
An' then she gits the arrinky, an' stick-  
in'-shuter out,  
An' says: "When Johnny's visitin'  
they're good to have about."  
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss  
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us,  
You puts his books away,  
An' says: "How long, in thunder, is that  
Johnny top?"  
Says he: "It makes a lot o' fuss  
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us,  
The man across the street  
says he'll have us 'rested' 'cause his  
Runns out an' wears like anything, an'  
stamps with both his feet;  
wind-glass is broke,  
An' if he ever ketches us it won't be any  
joke!

He never knows who done it, 'cause  
there's no one ever 'round,  
An' Johnny, in particular, ain't likely to  
be found.

I tell you what there's plenty fuss  
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, the  
cat up and goes  
A-scootin' 'cross a dozen lots to some ole  
place she knows;

The next-door children climb the fence,  
an' hang around for hours,  
An' bust the hinges off the gate, an'  
trample down the flowers;

An' break the line with Bridget's wash,  
an' mauls up the close;

An' Bridget, she gives warnin' then—  
that's the way it goes—

A plenty noise an' plenty fuss,  
When Johnny spends the day with us!

—Elizabeth Sylvester in Century.

**CUPID AND A PIG.**

By Edward Boltwood.

WHILE the train was nearing Cosy-  
cot station, Shepherd read Lydia's  
note again.

"Dear Walter," it began, "of course  
we should be glad to have you at Cosy-  
cot during your vacation, and I suppose  
Aunt Elizabeth can put you up—but you will find us both completely  
busy with a colony of Fresh-Air chil-  
dren near by which aunt is taking  
care of. It is a noble work, and Aunt  
Elizabeth has interested me in it very  
thoroughly; I can think of nothing  
else, and have decided to devote my  
whole life to laboring among the  
children of the poor, if I am worthy  
of such a career. I want to tell you  
this before you make up your mind to  
come, so that you will understand that  
I won't be able to see much of you  
and so that you may expect to find  
me sobered by a serious purpose."

"Let's throw him in the brook,"  
muttered Shepherd between his teeth.  
He'd appreciate it, and so would I."

"No, no, no," cried Miss Farrow.  
"Your handkerchief."

Shepherd gave her one wild look  
and vaulted over the low railing at  
the side of the bridge. He snatched his  
handkerchief in the stream, clambered  
up the bank and squeezed out the  
water over the pig, who was reduced  
by this demonstration to the last extremity of terror. He rolled about,  
involving himself in the mud around  
his neck; he squealed; dissolution  
seemed imminent.

"I don't know much about pigs,"  
said Shepherd, desperate because of  
the genuine trouble in Lydia's big  
gray eyes. "Do you, Cuppy?"

"Aw, I seen one in Jones' wood, an'  
say, I link this feller's takin' Stan-  
up Bill," ordered Cuppy, grabbing  
the leading line. "Lemme take him  
along for ya, Miss Farrow."

"I couldn't let you, Cuppy, really I  
couldn't," protested Lydia. "Aunt  
gave me this to do, and every failure  
counts against me. Besides, you  
ought to be at botany. Give me the  
cord." She leaned rather weakly  
against the railing and contemplated  
the hot stretch of road. "But I am  
tired and thirsty," she added.

"What's that place up on the  
slope?" inquired Shepherd, pointing  
to the right.

The place was where a rude bench  
stood under some heavy overhanging  
trees on the neighboring hillside. The  
clear water of a spring spouted  
generously out of a rock close by,  
plashing into a pool, and the dark  
green of the foliage surrounding it  
made the spot stand out on the knoll  
like a bower.

"That's the—that's a—why, a  
spring," faltered Lydia.

"The farmers call it the 'Lovers'  
Well,'" explained Cuppy.

Miss Farrow blushed slightly. She  
could not help it; Shepherd was looking  
straight at her.

"Lydia," said he with stern determina-  
tion, "you and I are going to walk  
up there and you shall rest  
yourself. It is absolutely ridiculous  
for you to think of promenading  
through the sun with this beast.  
Cuppy shall guard the pig. You'll  
take care of that pig, won't you,  
Cuppy?"

"Yess," agreed that eager youth.  
"Come on, Bill."

Shepherd picked up the green um-  
brella and closed it with a snap.

"But—Aunt Elizabeth," the girl de-  
murred. "She will be angry. She will  
say I'm not fit for Bivington Street."

"I advise you not to introduce those  
subjects at this moment," said Walter,  
pulling her hand within the crook  
of his elbow, in an old-fashioned but  
an extremely comfortable way. "Here  
is the path! Goodby, Cuppy."

Cuppy stopped short in his progress  
out of the bushes.

"Say," he demanded, "this Miss  
Gibbs—are you wid her?"

"No," replied Shepherd thoughtfully.  
"I'm agin' her."

"That's right," said the ragged ob-  
ject of Aunt Elizabeth's bounty. "The  
old lady's all right if she'd only leave  
us be. What for does she come round  
a-lecterin' and puttin' us on the  
sneak? I'm on the sneak now. She  
pays the rent for us, an' we takes off  
our hats for that. But," he concluded  
with a darkening eye, "she runs a  
night school out o' doors by daylight

and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrow,  
she's the people."

"She is all of that," said Shepherd,  
feeling strangely comforted; he wanted  
to shake the boy's brown hand as  
they strolled together down the high-  
way. "She is all of that, for sure,"  
he added.

"Sure, Miss Farrow's worked for the  
rang o' us till she's most down an'

out. She looks as pale as my mother  
on a wash day. Does ya know what  
she's doin' now? Gone up this road a  
couple er mile after a pig."

"After what?"  
"Ter git a pig—a greased pig fer the  
terrierles. The farmer what runs  
our joint made her chase away to  
buy one of his brother, who needs  
the money. I told her I'd go meself,  
t'ence she's so tired, but 'Naw,' she  
says, 'Cuppy, youse must stay fer  
the hot-eatin'. So she chased erlong, fer  
she says it's her duty, she says."

Shepherd gave his big n savage slap  
with his walking stick.

"Hurry along, Cuppy," he exclaimed.  
Perhaps we may meet her. And this  
is a fine job for Lydia Farrow."

He plowed through the dust dog-  
gedly, while Cuppy took to the road-  
side, dodging among the low bushes  
and keeping a wary glance over his  
shoulder for a possible pursuer. Proceeding  
in this skirrishing order they  
reached a turn from which could be  
seen a little bridge, spanning a peace-  
ful brook, and, on the bridge, a girl  
with a green sun umbrella. She was  
holding the umbrella over something  
behind her, and she did not observe  
the two pedestrians.

"Hey, Miss Farrow," yelled Cuppy.  
Miss Farrow turned and Shepherd  
wiped his hat.

"Hello, Lydia," said he. "What in  
the world have you got there?"  
"I have a pig here," answered the  
young lady. "I ain't afraid the pig is  
overcome by the heat. How do you  
do, Walter?"

"Did you hear her?" whispered  
Gideon to his companion.

"Ahh! Be careful!"

Gideon had taken a step into the  
room.

The child, hearing nothing, wrapped  
in an insulation at once delicious,  
comforting and appalling, now  
opened the window. The room being  
the highest in the building was nearest  
to the stars—an advantage happily  
not considered by landlords. Confused  
sounds floated upward. The quiet Heavens were covered with  
shining points, yellow and blue and  
gold and blood-red. The fierce eye  
of the Bull flamed conspicuously. It  
attracted the child's attention. She  
lifted her face and began to speak.

She told how lonely she was, how  
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but one alternative—the end.

On the threshold of her mighty request  
she faltered, for the terror of her  
prayer had seized her. An extraordinary  
sensation was upon her. She felt that she was not alone in  
the room. Her face turned white. Then  
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Her voice sank to an awed whisper  
as word by word she unfolded her  
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O, good Father," said the child,  
"when I say 'Now,' then let it come,  
then let me hear the angels blowing  
with the trumpets all over the sky."

She sank her head into her open  
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she raised her face, the dreadful  
instant had come; her lips parted.  
"My child," said Gideon.

He held her in his arms. Minnie's  
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the hot stretch of road. "But I am  
tired and thirsty," she added.

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he added.

"Sure, Miss Farrow's worked for the  
rang o' us till she's most down an'

placed it carefully upon a shelf with  
a few others. From this she ab-  
stracted a little. She stood a moment,  
thinking.

"Would it be wicked, I wonder?"  
she said to herself. "Jennie Clark  
once tried it, and God answered her  
that way."

Deeding in favor of the scheme  
that had entered her mind, the child  
took a pin from her dress, screwed up  
her eyes, and drove the point between  
the leaves of the volume. Opening it  
at the place thus indicated, she  
stabbed again with the pin point and  
so marked a passage.

Putting a finger upon the passage  
she had chosen, the child carried it  
to the firelight and read, in the words  
of Herod, the king: "Ask of me what-  
soever thou wilt, and I will give it  
thee."

She jumped to her feet with a gasp  
of frightened astonishment. Apparently  
the words had for her more than  
a superficial significance, for she said,  
in a low, thrilling voice: "It is true  
then; I can ask it. I was afraid to,  
but—I'm not frightened now a  
bit. I will ask God to send the Judg-  
ment day, and to send it now, this  
very instant. It will be awful; but I  
shall see Minnie, and mother. And  
it must come; it is certain, positive.  
Perhaps I ought to go downstairs and  
tell Mrs. Jennings. But no, though,  
I won't; she would only laugh. And  
there are thousands of other people;  
I cannot tell them all."

"Did you hear her?" whispered  
Gideon to his companion.

"Ahh! Be careful!"

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**To Avoid Wrinkles.**

The artistic Japanese have solved an important problem and defy wrinkles and crow's feet by relegating brie-a-brac to the background.

Brie-a-brac is responsible for more wrinkles and crow's feet than age or illness.

The woman who is really anxious to retain her good looks to a green old age will take a lesson from the wise and artistic Japanese, who shows absolutely nothing in her dressing-room except a lovely flower and a screen, and perhaps a beautiful vase.

The Japanese collector of pictures keeps all her treasures stowed away in what is called a go-down, her storehouse, and her pictures are brought up one at a time if any visitor is present or expected. Usually a single picture is brought in and hung up, and you enjoy that beautiful picture by itself.

Does not this tell the whole secret of the almond-eyed beauty's fate, unsmiling skin and refreshing, plump expression?

Who will found a club for woman-kind and call it the No Brie-a-Brac Club, and at once institute a new order of things, in which rest, perfect rest, can be found, with restful complexion as one of the rewards of membership? Also freedom from worry; for it is worry which is wearing out the nerves of the average American woman.

English women have formed a club which commends itself to consideration. It is called the Don't Get Tired Club. Its main object is the organization, on a hygienic basis, of shopping, as pernicious a habit, if carried too far, as the brie-a-brac habit.

The members pledge themselves, on their word of honor as gentelwomen, not to shop the whole of the day "without suitable and proper refreshment." Stringent rules are drawn up of what is and what is not allowed under this heading.

Then each member swears to do her shopping systematically, to make out a list of everything she wants to buy, and never to toll from shop to shop to see if she can't get it cheaper. A limit is placed on the amount of shopping that may be done in one day—three hours for town women and five for suburbanites. The carrying of parcels is absolutely forbidden, and shopping in a short skirt made obligatory.

Here are some don'ts:

Don't start nervously if a child makes a noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for broken bones.

Don't sigh so often over servants' shortcomings.

Don't get wildly excited if Bridget has neglected to dust the legs of the ball table; the welfare of neither your family nor the nation is involved.

Don't put too much of yourself into the ordering of the household, or the management of servants, or the care of the ornaments. Let the ornaments of the house be the friends who frequent it.

Don't exhaust till your reserve force over petty cares. Each time that one loses control over herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nerve, force, just a little physical well-being, and moves a fraction of an inch further on in the path that leads to premature old age.

Don't work when you are not in a condition to do so.

Don't go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak and longitude that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't eat as if you only had a minute in which to finish the meal, or eat without an appetite.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Don't always be doing something; have intermittent attacks of filling. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves.

Don't worry others, above all things, by forcing them to share your worries. Worry is called the American national disease and "Americanitis" is its distinctive name.

Don't fret and don't worry are the most healthful of maxims.—New York Times.

**A Good Memory.**

When Theodore Roosevelt was governor of New York, he was a great friend of the porters and employees of the New York Central. One morning he took the 9:15 train from Albany west, and as he entered the car he said to Adams, the colored porter: "Hello, porter! You here still?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, "and I'm going to stay here till you get to be president, and then I want you to give me a job."

"I'll go you!" promptly replied the governor, and, sure enough, when Governor Roosevelt became president of the United States he surprised Adams by sending for him to go to work in Washington.—Schoolmaster.

**What He Really Said.**

Mrs. Buffers. The letter at that bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest—

Mr. Buffers. Great Scott! What is that? He says—

Mrs. Buffers. Well, he didn't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course.

Mr. Buffers. See here! What did the fellow say?

Mrs. Buffers. He asked me to endorse the check, and when I told him I hadn't the ghost of an idea what he meant he said he presumed I hadn't had much experience getting checks cashed, so there!—New York Weekly.

**His Altruism.**

Maud (newly married). You look very melancholy, George. Are you sorry you married me?

George. No dear—of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry.

Maud. Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me?

George. No more I do. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them.—Punch.

**The Book Agent.**

Agent. I have a book you should buy for your son telling how to become a politician, statesman, president of the United States, banker, broker—

Mrs. Hennessy. G'wan! Did yer mother buy wat for ye?—Brooklyn Life.

**C. S. C. & A.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

"Yes," said the author, "when I get started writing a novel I do lose considerable sleep over it."

"Well," replied the critic with glee, sarcasm, "what's your loss is your reader's gain."—Philadelphia Press.

**Care of the Hair.**

The hair suffers by reason of much ill-directed energy expended on its head, as well as by neglect.

Dressing the hair is so commonly done without intelligent appreciation of its needs, or is so often habitually disregarded, that the hair is rarely the adornment it might be.

A vigorous growth of hair is dependent upon the healthfulness of the scalp. Baldness, for example, is the usual accompaniment of a tight, thin scalp, while a soft, loose scalp, with a abundant blood supply, will ordinarily produce an abundant growth of hair.

The scalp has not haptically compared to the soil, which is productive according to its nutritive ability, and also according to the well-judged care bestowed upon it.

Brisk, daily brushing is indispensable to the health of the hair. The scalp must be subjected to friction from the brush for the sake of cleanliness. A brush with rather stiff bristles is necessary in case the hair is thick. If the hair is thin, a softer brush accomplishes the same result. The root of the hair—the portion upon which growth depends—is stimulated by intimate contact with the brush, which should produce a sensation of pleasurable warmth in the scalp. A brush that scratches and irritates should be discarded.

The comb plays a minor part in hair-dressing, but requires equal care in its selection. It should have widely spaced, smooth and blunt-pointed teeth. The use of the old-fashioned fine-toothed comb cannot be approved at any time, as it subjects the large, strong hairs to pulling and injury by splitting or cracking them, and may also tear the scalp.

Too frequent douching is apt to be harmful to the hair, stated it is safe apt to be kept moist and damp. This state is favorable to decomposition here as elsewhere. It is sufficient in most cases to practice washing the hair oftener than once a week. A good toilet soap is to be used, the hair subsequently being well rinsed and carefully dried.

When the hair has not sufficient oil of itself, some substitute may be provided, for which nothing serves better than vaseline or olive oil. This is to be applied to the scalp or to the roots of the hair. The brisk, daily brushing recommended above is also a stimulant to the oil glands.

Shampooing the ends of the hair is of no value as a means of stimulating its growth. The same may be said of close cropping, yet this is commendable in childhood, since it renders cleanliness of the scalp easily attainable, and allows free access of the air to the scalp, which is therefore consequently subjected to prolonged dampness and decomposition.—Youth's Companion.

**Humors of the Day.**

Hogan. Would ye like I see Klug Edward coronated?

Kelley. Would Ol' Glory be Troth Op'd like I see him coronated an' his ashes turn on a slippery pavement in front av a Saint Patrick's-day parade.

"What do you think about that man's boastful assertion that his word is as good as the bond?"

"I regard it as a very obliging warning to anybody who might be thinking of taking his bond."

Mrs. Fairfax. Good mornin', Aunt Caroline. Why ain't you washin' nowadays?

Aunt Caroline (removing her pipe from her mouth). Well, you see, Miss Clara, I's bin out o' wuk so long now, now, when I could wuk, I finds I've done los' mab taste fo' it.

The angry maiden readjusted the hat she wore (her brother's), gave a pat to her tie (her sweethearts'), stuck her hands defiantly into the pockets of her coat (cut like her father's), and continued:

"In the course of time women will not have a distinguishing garment. There goes a man who has actually adopted women's shirt waist!"

"I have never let my personal interests influence my official career," said the conscientious member of congress.

"Well," said the cold constituent, "I'm a little sorry to hear you say so, I was induced to hope that you and your colleagues would allow this hel weather to persuade you to get through with business, so that you could go home and swing in a hammock."

To swallow, to tipple and to tote are not prohibitionist practices, and yet Mr. Swallow, Mr. Tipple and Mr. Tote are notable prohibitionists.

"There is only one place where an American is content to have another above him," remarked Bellingham to Gildersleeve.

"And where is that, I'd like to know?"

"In the upper berth of a sleeping car."

A hero and a fight or two, A villain forced to grovel; An ad., a magazine review, And there's your modern novel.

Doctor. I found the patient to be suffering from abrasion of the cuticle, tinea faciei, eczema and extravasation in the integument and cellular tissue above the left orbit.

Judge. You mean he had a black eye?

Doctor. Yes.

The same man who left the doors all open last winter keeps them closed in June.

Her Regret.

"Did you see the trained animal exhibition?"

"I did," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"No. Such things always give me a certain impression of sadness. When I see what can be done in educating dumb brutes I cannot understand why more human beings cannot be moved to a display of intelligence!"—Washington Star.

A Former Predicament.

The cook in a southern family was fat, black and sixty and a devoted churchwoman. A "laboring brother" in the same church, a widower with a dozen children, was so assiduous in his attentions that he could be seen haunting the kitchen at all hours. The mistress of the house finally said to the cook:

"I do hope you don't mean to marry that old man, with all those children."

"No, ma'am," was the reply. "I done been ketched in dat predicament once already," which was the first intimation that had been given in a long service that she was entitled to wear the weeds of widowhood.—Detroit Free Press.

To CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25¢.

**Food for Warm Weather.**

Regarding the plan of dietetics now being followed at Wilder Hall, the new Wesleyan dormitory, Mrs. Ollie Davis, who is at the head of this modern college house, as well as lecturer on domestic science, says: "I certainly advocate a change in the dietary for spring and summer. A scientific apprehension of the function of food and a working knowledge of the value and part which the different food stuffs hold in the human economy could warrant no other opinion. Following a scientific dietary cannot but mean better health. The fact of its being scientific indicates that it corresponds to the needs of the body. It is also recognition of what is involved in asking the body to over-

"What changes would I advocate? It is my opinion that less meat is an absolute demand of good health. But less meat does not mean no meat. Ordinarily, the lighter meats—white meats, fish and eggs—are preferable to beef and other heavy meats. These lighter meats supply all the requirements of the body, and are not so stimulating, nor do they carry with them many of the evil effects of too much beef. By all means, now substitute fish and eggs for beefsteak at breakfast, and increase the use of vegetables; these, if properly cooked, furnish all the mental and muscular energy needed. The energy required in the winter for the production of heat can now be directed toward muscular and mental work. Moreover, during these spring days, the college students are out of doors a great deal; they are getting their exercise and fresh air with less muscular expenditure, and all of which goes to show that a less quantity of food is needed for the support of mental energy than in the winter months.

"Salads are a pleasing addition to the dietary. Fruits, vegetables and nuts are hygienic and popular. Fruit should be regarded as a necessary rather than as a luxury. From the standpoint of human economy it is always cheap to have fruit for breakfast, and during the warm spring and summer days it is wise to use it as a relish for luncheons and for dinner to replace the puddings and heavy desserts of winter. Ice cream, if properly made and frozen, is a wholesome, nutritious dish, both appetizing and economical. If properly, that is, slowly eaten, it will not lower the temperature to such a degree as to be unhygienic.

"As to the effect of such a diet upon health: Less meat in itself means a clearer head. Less meat, more vegetables and fruit, no pastry, means freedom from spring fever and from generally heavy feelings. If the health is not good, do not attribute it to too little meat and too much fruit, salad and vegetables.

"In regard to the compounding expense of such a dietary, the value of it lies in the conserving of human energy rather than in the saving of hard cash. In point of fact it will not be found more expensive. Oil and fruit in large quantities usually offset the reduction in meats. But at this particular time, since meats are so expensive, the dietary I am advocating is naturally cheaper. Science is back of the spring and summer dietary. Nature supplies the needs of the flagging appetites in the springtime."—N. Y. Tribune.

**Not So Very Green.**

When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snow-storm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air. He jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet. He finally lay down and rolled in it, all the time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure him and volunteered to try it on him.

"I haven't any fit," the young man said.

"What's the matter with you, then?" "Why, don't you see the snow?" "Yes, I see it. What of it? I have seen it before."

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young man.

"What! You never saw snow before?" asked the astonished questioner. "Never. Seems strange to you, don't it?"

"It beats any sample of verdancy I ever run across."

"Oh, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker. "Did you ever see an alligator eating a bigger? No! Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times."

And, throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he pursued his joyous gambols.—New York Mail and Express.

**Honesty or Dishonesty.**

The statistics showing the small number of women in the State prisons of the different States may be studied with profit by our law-makers. In the States where women have the right of suffrage and stand upon an equality with men before the law, the percentage of women in the State prisons is very low, and in some of them none at all.

In Montana, Nebraska and Utah, women constitute only two per cent. of the prisoners; in Arizona, Kansas, Nevada and South Dakota, only one per cent.; in Washington, four-tenths of one per cent., and in Wyoming and Idaho none.

Chicago Legal News.

Friendly to Women.

The Western Labor Union and the Western Miner's Union have just held their national conventions in Denver. Each of these bodies represents many thousands of organized working men. Both conventions endorsed equal suffrage by a unanimous vote. As the conventions met in Denver, a great many of the men present were from Colorado and the three neighboring States where women vote. They had had practical experience of woman suffrage, and this makes their testimony in its favor the more noteworthy.

Ethel C. Avery.

One of the Chicago deaconesses, Mrs. Marriet Grove, is a probation officer of the juvenile court, and has sixty-nine delinquent children under her charge, whom she must see every week. Many of these, even the youngest, are "professional" thieves, robbers and vagabonds, but, almost without exception, it is found that conditions in the homes are such that, in the natural course of events, they could not be anything else.

Through the friendly offices of the visitor, backed by "a little brief authority," the most surprising changes are sometimes wrought, not only in the child but in the home. One boy is now employed in a large department store and doing well there, who, a few weeks ago, was arrested for stealing goods from another store.

Ethel C. Avery.

**Historical and Genealogical.****Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:  
1. Name and date of the writer must be clearly written.  
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.  
3. Make all queries or letters consistent with enclosures.  
4. Write on one side of the paper only.  
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the issue, the name of the newspaper referred to, or to be forwarded, must be given in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.  
6. Direct all communications to  
Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
care Newport Historical Room,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

## NOTES.

**COOKE ADDITIONAL DATA**—(No. 70)  
John Alcock and wife Sarah had a daughter Sarah, who married Ezekiel Wood, of Mendon, who had Ezekiel Wood who married Hannah Wood, his cousin; they had Elizabeth Wood, who married Seymour Smith, and had Ann Maria Smith, who married Charles A. Hotchkins.

(No. 24) Nicholas Cooke (William Deacon Nichols) of Willingford, Vt., Nichols' Wifely had a daughter Melitable, born March 1805, died Feb. 3, 1892, at North Chittenden, Vt., who married, 1825, Joel Croft (Joel, John), who married in Ware, Mass., Nov. 30, 1765, Elizabeth Simonds, perhaps the John Croft baptized in Second Church of Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 2, 1741, as son of William Croft and Mary Bray; but in Registry of Deeds of Essex County, Mass., the name is given William Croft, Jr., of property transferred of his mother, Mary Darling.

The records of First Congregational Church of Marblehead, Mass., give marriage of William Croft and Mary Furness, Nov. 17, 1718, and baptism of son William Oct. 8, 1721, and marriage of the widow and mother, Mary Croft to James Darling, Feb. 15, 1731-2.

These Crofts lived on the Simonds farm in Ware, which the father of the first Joel bought of his brother-in-law, Joab Simonds.

Joel, husband to Melitable Cooke, was born in Ware, Mass., Aug. 14, 1761, and Joel's sister Betsey Croft married Mr. Harris, and had a son Edwin Harris, another Harris to be placed. They had a sister Esther Croft, born at Warren, 1800, who married John Simonds, son of Judah and Thankful Simonds. Joel's mother was Betsy Marsh, daughter of Judah and Elizabeth Marsh. Children of Joel and Melitable (Cooke) Croft were:

1. William Cooke Croft, born Aug. 9, 1829.  
2. Nicholas Croft, born Nov. 8, 1835, died June 1, 1812. See Crafts Genealogy, page 767.—H. R. C.

**ALMY NOTES**—Newport, R. I., died of Mary Almy, late widow of Joseph Bryer, to grandson John Bryer, son of son John Bryer, late merchant of Newport, deceased; dated Feb. 4, 1749.

Died of Job Almy and wife Ann, to Christopher Almy, merchant, Newport; dated April 6, 1739; recorded April 17, 1750.

Died of Christopher Almy, Jr., to Daniel Coggeshall, July 4, 1735.

Will of Job Almy, proved Dec. 13, 1743, nomination of Elizabeth Ellery, wife of William's daughter-in-law Elizabeth Almy, widow; grandson Job Almy; wife Abigail.

Will of John Coggeshall Almy, of Dartmouth, proved Feb. 5, 1816, mentioned wife Sarah; sons John C. and Benjamin Almy; daughter Catherine (Stevens).

Will of William Almy, proved July 29, 1749; executors, brother-in-law Jonathan Thurston and Walter Chaloner; mentioned wife Mary, sons William and Jonathan.—E. M. T.

**QUERIES.**

222. MANCHESTER—Thomas Manchester of Portsmouth, R. I., William married Mary Cook, John married Phoebe Gray, Philip, born Feb. 11, 1723. Whom did Philip marry, and did he have a daughter Mary, who married Dr. Caleb Fiske?—J. Leb. W.

223. PAIGE—Who were the ancestors of Timothy Paige, who was a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts for a great many years toward the end of the 18th century? Where did he live?—J. P. T.

224. MALBONE—Whom did Elizabeth Malbone marry? She was born December 9, 1726, daughter of Godfrey Malbone, of Newport, R. I. He was born in Princess Anne County, Virginia, Jan. 18, 1695-6, and was a most successful merchant in Newport, R. I. His father was Peter Malbone, born probably in England, Feb. 10, 1667-8, died in Norfolk, Va., May 26, 1738. He owned much land in Virginia. His first wife is supposed to have been Elizabeth Godfrey, by whom he had seven children, among them the above mentioned Godfrey. His second wife was Margaret.—D. G. H.

225. HOVEY—Who was Ann Hovey, who married Enos Peckham of Middletown, R. I., November 18, 1759?—A. A.

226. GRANT—Oldeon Tomlin and Lucy Grant were married by the Rev. Gardner Thurston, of Newport, R. I., Feb. 8, 1861. Who were the ancestors of Lucy Grant, and what were the dates of her birth and death?—G. S.

227. BABCOCK—Who were the ancestors of Capt. William Babcock, of Westerly, R. I., who married Sarah Weston, daughter of George? Of what was he captain? They had a daughter Sarah Babcock, born 1791.—S. C.

228. MATTESON—Thomas Matteon of Coventry, R. I., married Susanna.—What was her maiden name? Who were the parents of Thomas Matteon?—M. B. S.

229. JOHNSON—Job Matteson, son of above Thomas, born 1738, married 1780, Lucy Johnson, who died Feb. 26, 1841. Who were the ancestors of Lucy Johnson?—M. B. S.

230. LAWTON—Who were the parents of Julie M. C. Lawton, who married George A. Shumans, of Newport, R. I.? George Simonds was the son of James and Sarah (Stanhope) Simonds.—E. S. A.

231. RIDER—Who was the wife of William Rider, of Newport, R. I., whose daughter Sarah married William Stanhope? Who were the parents of William Rider?—E. S. A.

322. NICHOLS—Who were the parents of William Nichols, of Massachusetts, who married—Hathaway? What was her Christian name? They had a son Moses Nichols, who married Susannah Reed. Who was she?—D. T.

323. BOSS—Who was Hannah Boss, who married Thomas Brownell Tanner, son of Josiah and Phebe (Brownell) Tanner?—D. T.

324. BILL—Who was Abigail Bill, who married Benjamin Allbin, of Exeter and South Kingstown, R. I.?—A. D.

325. SHERMAN—Who was Richard Sherman, who was a private in Capt. Nathaniel Hammond's Company, Col. John Daggett's Regiment, in service at Rhode Island, 1778?—M. A. W.

326. PAPERS—Who was Patience Petts, wife of above Richard Sherman?—M. A. W.

327. TRIPP—Who were the ancestors of George Tripp and his wife Hannah? They had a son David Tripp, born 1758, died 1832, married 1779, Lucy Tripp, born 1759, daughter of Stephen and Patience (Potter) Tripp.—M. A. W.

328. MARSH—Who was John Marsh, who married 1800, Elizabeth Webster, daughter of Captain Nicholas Webster, who died February 7, 1823, aged 78, of Newport, R. I.?—J. K.

329. BENNETT, KNIGHT—Robert Bennett, of Benjamin, of Seltman, R. I., and Martha Knight, of Lieut. Jonathan, of Cranston, married by William Barton, Justice, April 8, 1770. Who were the parents of Jonathan Knight? Of what was he Lieutenant? Who was his wife? What were the dates of his birth, marriage and death? Would like any information concerning this Lieutenant Jonathan Knight.—A. B.

330. WINSLAW—Who was Polly, wife of Eleazar Winslow, of Swansea, Mass.? He was born September 1, 1770. When were they married?—A. D.

331. MONK, ROBINSON—Who were the parents of William Monk and Arda Robinson, who had a son Robinson Monk, who married Elizabeth Jones, of Maine, I think?—P. W.

332. DENNIS—Who were the parents of William Dennis, of Newport, R. I., who married Mary?—Would like her parentage, and the dates of birth, marriage and death.—J. B.

333. HORSEWELL—Who was Mary Horsewell, who married Josiah Coggeshall, of Portsmouth, R. I., who was born August 13, 1752, son of Thomas and Hannah (Cornell) Coggeshall?—J. B.

334. SHERMAN, TABOR—Who were Jacob Sherman and his wife Susan Tabor, whose daughter Julia M. Sherman, married Job M. Barker May 8, 1837?—J. B.

335. BARBER—Who were Joseph Barber, of Rehoboth, and Lydia Miller, of Cumberland, married at Cumberland, R. I., Dec. 14, 1766.—L. H. H.

**Middletown.**

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, P. of H., last evening, a very enjoyable time was had by those who were present. Three candidates were instructed in the third and fourth degrees and thus became full members of the order. During the lecturer's hour, after the initiation, Miss Grace Channing Ward recited, from memory, "The First Settler's Story," with charming grace, which was enjoyed by all who heard it. At the close of the meeting a strawberry supper was served to the sixty-two persons who were present. The tables looked very attractive.

**Tiverton.**

The funeral of Miss Amey B. Durfee was solemnized Saturday afternoon, at her late residence, on Namsquashet. The Rev. Charles O. Parker, of the Congregational church, Tiverton Four Corners, officiated. Two selections, "Some Day the Silver Cord Shall Break," and "Nester, My God, to Thee," were sung by Mrs. Henry Durfee and Miss Florence W. Brown. The casket was surrounded with beautiful floral tributes. The interment was in the Durfee family ground on Namsquashet. Messrs. John Borden, Albert Lawrence, Peleg D. Humphrey and Henry Durfee were the pall bearers. Miss Amey B. Durfee was daughter of the late Job and Judith Durfee, her father being for many years a judge in Rhode Island court and sister to the late Hon. Durfee, former chief justice of Rhode Island. The last five years of her life were saddened by an affliction which confined her to the house, but her intense sufferings were borne with that calm Christian fortitude characteristic of her race. She leaves two sisters, Mrs. Mary D. West and Miss Sarah Durfee.

The marriage of Miss Florence Osborne, daughter of Mr. Henry Clay Osborne, of Tiverton, to Mr. Lucien F. Yeomans, of Lake View, N. Y., was performed at the residence of the bride in Tiverton. Only the families of the bride and groom, and a few intimate girl friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Yeomans have gone to New Hampshire.

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